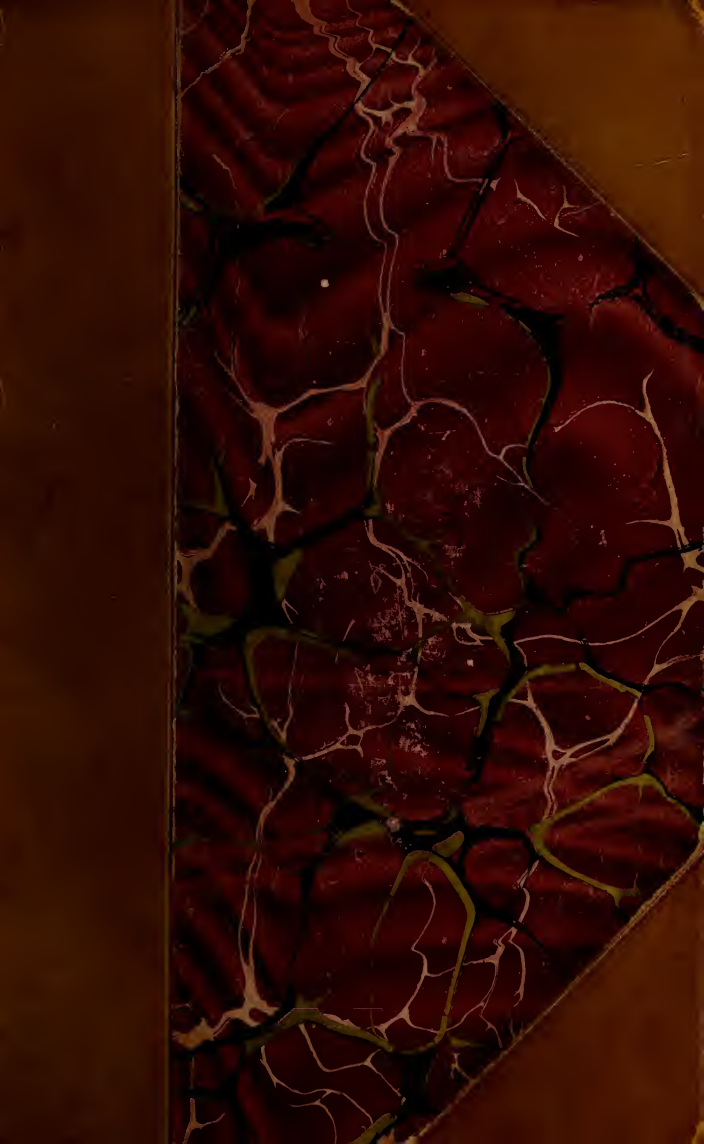




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HISTORY OF CINDERELLA, OR THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER



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HISTORY OF ENGLAND

OF THE FIFTH CLASS



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THE HISTORY
OF
CINDERELLA;
OR THE
LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER.

THERE was once a very rich gentleman who lost his wife; and having loved her exceedingly, he was very sorry when she died. Finding himself quite unhappy for her loss, he resolved to marry a second time, thinking by this means he should be as happy as before. Unfortunately, however, the lady he chanced to fix upon was the proudest and most haughty woman ever known; she was always out of humour with every one; nobody could please her, and she returned the civilities of those about her with the most affronting disdain. She had two daughters by a former husband, whom she brought up to be proud and idle: indeed, in temper and behaviour they perfectly resembled their mother; they did not love their books, and would not learn to work; in short, they were disliked by every body.

The gentleman on his side, too, had a daughter, who, in sweetness of temper and carriage, was the exact likeness of her own mother, whose death he had so much lamented, and whose tender care of the little girl he was in hopes to see replaced by that of his new bride.

But scarcely was the marriage ceremony over, before his wife began to show her real temper; she could not bear the pretty little girl, because her sweet obliging manners made those of her own daughters appear a thousand times the more odious and disagreeable.

She therefore ordered her to live in the kitchen; and, if ever she brought any thing into the parlour, always scolded her till she was out of sight. She made her work with the servants, in washing the dishes, and rubbing the tables and chairs: it was her place to clean madam's chamber, and that of the misses her daughters,

which was all inlaid, had beds of the newest fashion, and looking-glasses so long and broad, that they saw themselves from head to foot in them ; while the little creature herself was forced to sleep up in a sorry garret, upon a wretched straw bed, without curtains, or any thing to make her comfortable.

The poor child bore all this with the greatest patience, not daring to complain to her father, who, she feared, would only reprove her, for she saw that his wife governed him entirely. When she had done all her work she used to sit in the chimney corner among the



cinders ; so that in the house she went by the name of Cinderbreech : the youngest of the two sisters, however, being rather more civil than the eldest, called her Cinderella. And Cinderella, dirty and ragged as she was, as often happens in such cases, was a thousand times prettier than her sisters, dressed out in all their splendour.

It happened that the king's son gave a ball, to which he invited all the persons of fashion in the country : our two misses were of the number ; for the king's son did not know how disagreeable they were ; but supposed, as they were so much indulged, that they were extremely amiable. He did not invite Cinderella, for he had never seen or heard of her.

The two sisters began immediately to be very busy in preparing for the happy day ; nothing could exceed their joy ; every moment of their time was spent in

fancying such gowns, shoes, and head-dresses as would set them off to the greatest advantage. All this was new vexation to poor Cinderella, for it was she who ironed and plaited her sisters' muslins. They talked of



nothing but how they should be dressed. "I," said the eldest, "will wear my scarlet velvet with French trimming." "And I," said the youngest, "shall wear the same petticoat I had made for the last ball: but then to make amends for that, I shall put on my gold muslin train, and wear my diamonds in my hair; with these I must certainly look well." They sent several miles for the best hair-dresser that was to be had, and all their ornaments were bought at the most fashionable shops.

On the morning of the ball they called up Cinderella to consult with her about their dress, for they knew she had a great deal of taste. Cinderella gave them the best advice she could, and even offered to assist them in adjusting their head-dresses; which was exactly what they wanted, and they accordingly accepted her proposals.

While Cinderella was busily engaged in dressing her sisters, they said to her, "Should you not like, Cinderella, to go to the ball?" "Ah!" replied Cinderella, "you are only laughing at me; it is not for such as I am to think of going to balls." "You are in the right," said they: "folks might laugh indeed to see a Cinderbreech dancing in a ball-room."

Any other than Cinderella would have tried to make

the haughty creatures look as ugly as she could; but the sweet tempered girl, on the contrary, did every thing she could think of to make them look well.



The sisters had scarcely eaten any thing for two days, so great was their joy as the happy day drew near. More than a dozen laces were broken in endeavouring to give them a fine slender shape, and they were always before the looking-glass.

At length the long wished-for day of the ball arrived, and these proud misses stepped into a beautiful carriage, attended by several servants in handsome liveries, and drove away to the city.



Cinderella followed the coach with her eyes as far as she could see, and then returned to the kitchen in tears, where, for the first time, she bewailed her hard

and cruel degradation. She continued sobbing in the corner of the chimney until a noise in the kitchen roused her, and she looked up to see what had occasioned it. Her surprise was great, indeed, to see a little curious-looking old woman, very antequely dressed; in her right hand she carried a wand, and in the other she held a crutch to support herself.

Cinderella thought that her eyes had deceived her, as she had not seen this droll personage before; but the old woman, with a good-natured smile in her countenance, approached nearer, and thus accosted her:—

“My dear Cinderella, I am your godmother, and, knowing the desire you have to go to this fine ball, I am come for the purpose of gratifying your wishes; therefore, dry up your tears, and, as you are a good girl, I will furnish you with an equipage suitable to your merit.”

Cinderella then remembered that she had heard her father and mother often talk of her godmother, and that she was one of those good Fairies who interest themselves in the welfare of all the children to whom they stand sponsors, and this recollection revived her spirits.

The Fairy took Cinderella by the hand, and having led her out to a retired spot, said, “Now, my dear, you must go into the garden and bring me a pumpkin.” Cinderella almost flew to execute her commands, and returned with one of the finest she could meet with. Her godmother took the pumpkin, and scooped out the inside of it, leaving nothing but the rind; she then struck it with her wand, and it instantly became one of the most elegant gilt coaches that ever was seen.

She next desired Cinderella to go to the pantry for the mouse-trap. She did so, and found six little mice alive in the trap, which she brought to the Fairy, who requested her to lift up the door very gently, so that only one of them might go out at a time.

Cinderella raised the trap-door, and, as the mice came out one by one, a touch of the Fairy’s wand transformed them into beautiful carriage horses.

“Now, my dear girl,” said the Fairy, “here you have a coach and horses much handsomer than your sisters, to say the least of them; but, as we have neither

got a postilion nor a coachman to take care of them, run quickly to the stable, where the rat-trap is placed, and bring it to me."

Cinderella soon returned with the trap, in which there were two large rats. The Fairy touched them



both with her wand, and immediately the one was changed into a handsome postilion, and the other into a fine jolly-looking coachman.

Her godmother then said, "My dear Cinderella, you must go to the garden again before I can complete your equipage: when you get there, keep to the right side, and close to the wall, you will see the watering-pot standing; look behind it, and there you will find six lizards, which you must bring to me immediately."

Cinderella flew to the garden, and found the six lizards, which she brought to the Fairy. Another touch of the wonderful wand soon converted these animals into six spruce footmen, in dashing liveries, who immediately jumped up behind the carriage, and with as much agility as if they had been accustomed to do nothing else all their lives.

The coachman and postilion having likewise taken their places, the Fairy said to Cinderella, "Well, my dear girl, is not this as fine an equipage as you could desire to go to the ball with? Tell me, now, are you pleased with it?"

"O yes, my dear godmother," replied Cinderella; and then, with a good deal of hesitation, added, "but

how can I make my appearance among so many fine-dressed people in these mean-looking clothes?"

"Give yourself no uneasiness about that, my dear," said the Fairy, with a good humoured smile; "the most laborious part of our task is already accomplished, and it will be hard if I cannot make your dress correspond with your equipage."

On saying this, she touched Cinderella with her magic wand, and her clothes were instantly changed into the most magnificent apparel, ornamented with the most costly jewels that ever were beheld. The Fairy took from her pocket a most beautiful pair of elastic glass slippers, which she caused Cinderella to put on, and then desired her to get into the carriage with all expedition, as the ball had already commenced.

Cinderella instantly stepped into the chariot, and her godmother, before she took leave, strictly charged her on no account whatever to stay at the ball after the clock had struck *twelve*; and then added, that, if she stopped a single moment beyond that time, her fine



coach, horses, coachman, postilion, footmen, and fine apparel, would all return to their original shapes of pumpkin, mice, rats, lizards, and mean-looking clothes.

Cinderella promised most faithfully to attend to every thing that the Fairy had mentioned; and then, quite overjoyed, drove away to the palace.

The arrival of so splendid an equipage as Cinderella's, could not fail to attract general notice at the palace;

and information having reached the king's son, that a beautiful young lady, evidently some princess, was in waiting, he hastened to the door, handed her out of the carriage, and led her into the ball-room.

Cinderella no sooner appeared than every one was silent; both the dancing and the music stopped, and every body was employed in gazing at the uncommon beauty of this unknown stranger: nothing was heard but whispers of "How handsome she is!" The king



himself, old as he was, could not keep his eyes from her, and continually repeated to the queen, that it was a long time since he had seen so lovely a creature. The ladies endeavoured to find out how her clothes were made, that they might get some of the same pattern for themselves by the next day, should they be lucky enough to meet with such handsome materials, and such good work-people to make them.

The king's son conducted Cinderella to one of the

most distinguished seats, and, placing himself by her side, begged she would allow him to bring her some fruit or jellies. These she refused with great politeness, and he then requested to have the honour of dancing with her. Cinderella gave a smiling consent, and the delighted prince immediately led her out to the centre of the ball-room.

The music struck up, and the dance commenced ; but if the beauty, elegant figure, and the splendour of Cinderella's dress, had before drawn the attention and admiration of every person in the room, the astonishment which was excited by her dancing it is impossible to describe. The gracefulness of all her attitudes, and the airy lightness with which she moved, drew forth a general murmur of admiration, which, as the prince led her off, changed into the loudest acclamations of applause.

A magnificent collation was served up, consisting of most delicious fruits, confectionary, and wines ; but so much was the young prince engaged in attending to Cinderella, that he did not eat one morsel during the whole of the evening.

Cinderella was seated near her sisters, to whom she frequently spoke, and gave them a part of the fine delicacies which she had received from the prince ; but they entertained not the slightest suspicion who she was.

During her conversation with them, Cinderella heard the clock strike eleven and three quarters, and she immediately rose, took a hurried leave of them, and returned home in her carriage.

On entering the house, she found her godmother waiting, to whom she related all that had taken place at the ball, and thanked her a thousand times for the pleasure she had enjoyed. She then told the Fairy, there was to be another ball on the following evening, to which the prince had given her a very pressing invitation, and modestly signified the happiness it would afford her to be present on that occasion.

Her godmother had just promised to gratify her wishes, when a loud knocking announced the arrival of her sisters.

On their entrance, Cinderella, who pretended to be

just awakened out of a sound 'sleep, fell a rubbing her eyes, and yawned out, "O dear, how very late you



have stopped! I thought you would never have come home."

"Had you been at the ball," said one of the sisters, "you would not have been so sleepy; for the most beautiful and handsome princess ever beheld came there, who paid us great attention, and gave us a part of the delicacies which the prince had presented to her."

It was with difficulty that Cinderella could refrain from laughing; but she concealed her mirth, and inquired the name of the princess. They replied, that nobody knew her.

Cinderella said, with a smile, "How very beautiful she must be! and how fortunate you were in seeing her! O, if I could only get one peep at her! Dear Miss Charlotte, will you lend me one of your old gowns, that I may go to the next ball, and get a sight of this beautiful lady?"

"Do you really think I am so mad as to lend my gowns to a cinderwench?—No, I am not such a fool so, go and mind your own business, and leave balls and dresses to your superiors!"

Next evening the two ladies went again to the ball and Cinderella soon followed them, but dressed in a far more magnificent style than formerly.

The prince, who was quite delighted to see her again, did not leave her side the whole evening.

Cinderella was so much taken up with the dancing and the civilities of the young prince, that the evening passed away before she was aware ; and the clock struck *twelve* when she supposed that it could scarcely be eleven. Alarmed, she sprung from her seat, and almost flew out of the ball-room.

The prince pursued her, which made Cinderella run the faster, and, in the hurry, she dropped one of her glass slippers, which he picked up.



Fatigued and breathless, it was with difficulty that Cinderella reached home, in her old clothing, without coach, attendants, or any of her grandeur, except the remaining glass slipper, which she carefully put in her pocket.

The prince, who had lost sight of Cinderella when he stooped to lift up the slipper, inquired at the guards if they had seen a magnificent princess pass through the palace gates ; but they said, that no one had gone out except a poor beggar girl.

When the sisters of Cinderella came home, she inquired, if they had been as well amused as at the former ball, and if the beautiful princess had been there ? They said she had ; but, as the clock struck twelve, she flew out of the ball-room, and in the haste, had dropped one of her fine shaped glass slippers ; that the king's son having found the slipper, did nothing but admire it during the remainder of the ball, and every person said he was violently in love with the beautiful princess.

A few days after the ball, the prince caused it to be proclaimed, that he would marry the lady whom the slipper fitted, and he sent one of the principal officers of his household round all the ladies of his court. The slipper was first carried to the princesses and duchesses, and then to the other ladies of inferior rank ; but finding no one it would fit, he returned to the prince with an account of his bad success.

The prince having again ordered him to go round the other ladies in his dominions, it was at last brought to the two sisters, who used every exertion to squeeze on the slipper, but all to no purpose.

Cinderella, who was present during the trial, knowing her slipper, said, with a smile, "Pray, Sir, may I be allowed to try it on?" The two sisters burst out into laughter, and said rudely, "Very likely, indeed, that it will fit your clumsy foot."



The officer, seeing that Cinderella was remarkably beautiful, desired her to try it on. Cinderella, sitting down, put it on her foot with the greatest ease.

The two sisters were astonished at seeing it fit so very exactly ; but they were much more astonished when she pulled its fellow from her pocket, and put it on likewise.

At that moment the Fairy entered, unperceived by any one, and touched Cinderella with her wand, which changed her poor clothes into a more magnificent dress than she had ever yet appeared in.

When the sisters found that poor Cinderella was the beautiful princess, they fell on their knees, and entreated pardon for their former cruel behaviour.

Cinderella raised up her sisters, and then freely forgave them; after which, the officer conducted her to the prince, who was so struck with her beauty, that he solicited her hand in marriage.

Cinderella gave her consent, and the ceremony took place a few days afterwards with great pomp and rejoicing.

The amiable qualities of Cinderella were as conspicuous after as they had been before marriage, by which means she retained the love of her husband, and gained the esteem of all who knew her. Although she had been so cruelly used by her two sisters, yet she was so far from resenting their ill-treatment, that she sent for them to court; and, by her influence, they were shortly after married to two of the first noblemen in the kingdom.

Cinderella spent a long life, in a state of felicity which seldom falls to the lot of mortals; nor did she forget to remember with gratitude her friend the Fairy, who had contributed so much to her comfort and happiness.

HOP-O'-MY-THUMB.

THERE once lived in a village a fagot-maker and his wife, who had a numerous family, all boys; the youngest of whom was of the least size ever seen; for when he was born he was no bigger than a man's thumb, which made him be christened by the name of Hop-o'-my-Thumb. The poor child was the drudge for the whole house, and always bore the blame of every thing that was done wrong, though he was far more clever than any of his brothers.

One night when the children were gone to bed, and the fagot-maker and his wife were sitting over a few lighted sticks, lamenting they could not continue to supply their children with food, the husband sighed deeply, and said, "I will to-morrow morning take them to the forest, and leave them in the thickest part of it,

so that they will not be able to find their way back: this will be very easy.”—“Ah, husband!” cried the poor wife, “you cannot, no you never can consent to be the death of your own children.” At last, however, she agreed to what her husband had said, and then went sobbing to bed.

Hop-o'-my-Thumb had been awake all the time; and overhearing the conversation, he passed the night in thinking what he should do the next morning. He rose early, and ran to the river's side, where he filled his pockets with small white pebbles, and then returned home.

In the morning they all set out, as their father and mother had agreed on; and Hop-o'-my-Thumb did not say a word to either of his brothers about what he had heard. They came to a forest which was so very thick that they could not see each other a few yards off. The fagot-maker set to work, cutting down wood; and the children began to gather all the twigs, to make fagots of them.

When the father and mother saw that the young ones were all very busy, they slipped away, and when the children found themselves alone, they began to cry as loud as they could. Hop-o'-my-Thumb let them cry on; as he had taken care to drop the white pebbles he had in his pocket along all the way he had come. He only said to them, “Never mind it, my lads, follow me, and I will lead you back again.”

When they heard this, they left off crying, and followed Hop-o'-my-Thumb, who soon brought them home by the very same path which they had come along. At first they had not the courage to go in, but stood at the door to hear what their parents were talking about.

Just as the fagot-maker and his wife had come home without their children, a gentleman of the village sent to pay them two guineas he owed them, which made them quite happy.

The fagot-maker sent his wife out in a moment to buy some meat; and as it was a long time since she had made a hearty meal, she bought as much meat as would have been enough for six or eight persons. The truth was, she forgot that her children were not at home, when

she was thinking of what would be enough for dinner ; but as soon as she and her husband had done eating, she cried out, " Alas ! where are my poor children ? How they would feast on what we have left ! It was all your fault, Richard ! I told you over and over that we would repent the hour when we left them to starve in the forest ! " and she spoke this so loud, that the children, who were all at the door, cried out, " Here we are, mother, here we are ! " She flew immediately to them, and kissed them, saying, " How glad I am to see you, you little rogues ! Ah, poor little Bobby ! why, thou art dirt all over, my child ! let me wash thy face. "

Bobby was the youngest of the boys except Hop-o'-my-Thumb ; and as he had red hair, like his mother, he had always been her darling. The children sat down to dinner, and ate very heartily. They then gave an account of their return home.

The fagot-maker and his wife were charmed at having their children once more along with them : but their money being all spent, they again thought of leaving them in the forest ; and that the young ones might not come back a second time, they resolved to take them farther away than they did at first.

Hop-o'-my-Thumb was now quite at a loss what to do ; but soon after this his mother gave each of the children a piece of bread for breakfast ; and then it came into his head that he could make his share do as well as the pebbles, by dropping crumbs of it all the way as they went. So he did not eat his piece, but put it into his pocket.

It was not long before they all set out, and their parents took care to lead them into the very thickest and darkest part of the forest. They then slipped away by a by-path, as before, and left the children, which did not give Hop-o'-my-Thumb any concern, for he thought himself quite sure of getting back by means of the crumbs that he had dropped by the way ; but when he came to look for them he found that the birds had eaten them all up.

Hop-o'-my-Thumb climbed up to the top of a tree, and looked round on all sides to see if he could find any way of getting help. He saw a small light like that of

a candle, but it was a very great way off, which they at last reached.

They knocked at the door, which was opened by a very good-natured-looking lady, who when she saw they had such pretty faces, shed tears, and said, "Ah! poor children, you do not know what place you are come to. This is the house of an Ogre, who eats up little boys and girls."

"Alas! madam," replied Hop-o'-my-Thumb, "what shall we do? If we go back to the forest we are sure of being torn to pieces by wolves."

The Ogre's wife thought she could contrive to hide them from her husband till the morning; so she let them go in, and made them warm themselves by a good fire.

When they had stood a short time by the fire, they heard a loud knocking at the door; this was the Ogre who began to snuff to his right and left, and said, "I smell children's flesh; there is something going on that I don't know of."

As soon as he had spoken these words, he went towards the bed. "Ah! madam," said he, "you thought to cheat me, did you? Wretch! thou art old and tough thyself, or else I would eat thee up too! But come come, this is lucky enough; for the brats will make a nice dish for three Ogres, who are to dine with me to-morrow."

The Ogre then took up one of the children, and was going to set about cutting him to pieces; but his wife said to him, "What in the world makes you take the trouble of killing them to-night? Will it not be time enough to-morrow morning?"—"True," said the Ogre, "so give them all a good supper, and send them to bed."

The Ogre sat down to his wine, much pleased with the thought of giving his friends a dainty dish. This made him drink rather more than common, and he was soon obliged to go to bed himself.

The Ogre had seven daughters, who were all very young, like Hop-o'-my-Thumb and his brothers. They had been put to bed early that night, and every one of them had a crown of gold on her head. There was another bed of the same size in the room, and in this the Ogre

wife put the seven little boys, and then went to bed herself along with her husband.

Hop-o'-my-Thumb got out of bed in the middle of the night as softly as he could, took off all his brothers' nightcaps and his own, and crept with them to the bed that the Ogre's daughters were in; he then took off their crowns, and put the nightcaps on their heads instead; next he put the crowns on his brothers' heads and his own, and got into bed again; so he thought that if the Ogre should come, he would take him and his brothers for his own children.

Every thing turned out just as he wished. The Ogre waked soon after midnight, and began to be very sorry that he had put off killing the boys till the morning; so he jumped out of bed, and took hold of his large knife in a moment. He then walked softly to the room where they all slept, and went up to the bed the boys were in, who were all asleep except Hop-o'-my-Thumb, and touched their heads one at a time. When the Ogre felt the crowns of gold, he said to himself, "Oh, oh! I had like to have made a pretty mistake. I think, to be sure, I drank too much wine last night." He went next to the bed that his daughters were in, and when he felt the nightcaps, he said, "Ah! here you are, my lads;" and immediately he cut the throats of all his daughters.

As soon as Hop-o'-my-Thumb heard him snore, he awoke his brothers, and told them to put on their clothes quickly, and follow him. They stole down softly to the garden, and then jumped from the walls into the road, running as fast as their legs could carry them.

When the Ogre waked in the morning, he said to his wife, "My dear, go and dress the young rogues I saw last night." The Ogress went up stairs to the room, and the first sight she saw was her seven daughters with their throats cut. This threw her into a fainting fit. The Ogre was afraid his wife might be too long in doing what he had set her about, so he went himself to help her; but he was as much shocked as she had been at the dreadful sight of his bleeding children.

He first threw some water on his wife's face; and as soon as she came to herself, he said to her, "Bring me quickly my seven-league boots, that I may go and catch

the little vipers." He strode over many parts of the country, and at last turned into the very road in which the poor children were on their journey towards their father's house, and which they had now almost reached.

They had seen the Ogre a good while striding from mountain to mountain at one step, and crossing rivers with the greatest ease. At this Hop-o'-my-Thumb thought within himself what was to be done; and, spying a hollow place under a large rock, he made his brothers get into it. He then stepped in himself, but kept his eye fixed on the Ogre.

The Ogre found himself quite weary with the journey he had gone, for seven-league boots are very tiresome to the person who wears them; so he now began to think of resting; and as he was tired, he fell fast asleep, snoring so loud, that the little fellows were as much afraid as they had been when he stood over them with a knife in his hand.

When Hop-o'-my-Thumb saw this, he said to his brothers, "Courage, my lads! never fear! You have nothing to do but to steal away and get home while the Ogre is fast asleep, and leave me to shift for myself."

The brothers now were very glad to do as he told them, and they soon reached their father's house. In the meantime Hop-o'-my-Thumb went up to the Ogre softly, pulled off his seven-league boots very gently, and put them on his own legs; for though the boots were very large, yet they were fairies, and so could make themselves smaller and smaller to fit any leg they pleased.

As soon as Hop-o'-my-Thumb had made sure of the Ogre's seven-league boots, he went at once to the palace, and offered his services to carry orders from the king to his army, which was a great way off, and to bring back the quickest accounts of the battle they were just at that time fighting with the enemy. In short, he thought he could be of more use to the king than all his mail-coaches, and so should make his fortune in this manner.

But before he had made many strides with his boots, he heard a voice that told him to stop. Hop-o'-my-Thumb was startled a good deal, so he looked about

him to see where the noise came from; and then he heard the same voice say,—“Listen, Hop-o'-my-Thumb, to what I am about to say to you: do not go to the palace. Waste no time; the Ogre sleeps, he may awake.

“Know, Hop-o'-my-Thumb, that the two boots you took from the Ogre while he was asleep are two fairies, and I am the eldest of them. We have seen the clever things you have done to keep your brothers from harm, and for that reason we will bestow upon you the gift of riches, if you will once more employ your wits to a good purpose, and be as brave as before. But fairies must not speak of such matters as these; break the shell of the largest nut you can find in your pocket, and you will find a paper inside that will tell you all that you are to do.”

Hop-o'-my-Thumb did not stand thinking about these strange things, but in a moment put his hand into his pocket for the nut. He then cracked it with his teeth, and found a piece of paper in the inside carefully folded up; which he opened, and to his great surprise read as follows:—

“Go into the Ogre's door,
These words speak, and nothing more:
'Ogress, Ogre cannot come;
Give great key to Hop-o'-my-Thumb.'”

Hop-o'-my-Thumb now began to say the two last lines over and over again, for fear he should forget them: and when he thought he had learnt them by heart, he made two or three of his largest strides, and soon reached the Ogre's door.

He knocked loudly, which brought the Ogre's wife down stairs; but at sight of Hop-o'-my-Thumb she started back, and looked as if she would shut the door against him. Hop-o'-my-Thumb knew he had not a moment to lose; so he seemed as if he did not think how much vexed she was at seeing him who had caused her daughters to be killed by their own father.

Hop-o'-my-Thumb then began to talk as if he was in a great hurry. He said that matters were now changed; for the Ogre had laid hold of him and his brothers as they were getting nuts by the side of a hedge, and was going to take them back to his house; but all at once

the Ogre saw a number of men like lords, and who were riding on the finest horses that ever were beheld, coming up to him full speed. He said the Ogre soon found they were sent by the king with a message to borrow of the Ogre a large sum of money, which he stood in need of to pay his soldiers, as the king thought the Ogre was the richest of all his subjects. Hop-o'-my-Thumb said this on purpose to find out how rich the Ogre was. He then said that the lords found themselves very much tired with the long journey they had made; and so the Ogre was vastly civil to them, and told them they need not go on any farther, because he had a person with him who would not fail doing in a clever manner any thing he was set about. He next said that the great lords thanked the Ogre a thousand times when they heard this, and in the name of the king had granted to him the noble title of Duke of Draggletail; on which the Ogre had taken off his boots, and helped to draw them on the legs of Hop-o'-my-Thumb, and gave him this message, which he charged him by all means to make all the haste he could with both in going and coming back again:—

“Ogress, Ogre cannot come;
Give great key to Hop-o'-my-Thumb.”

When the Ogress saw her husband's boots she was quite proud at the thought of being made Duchess of Draggletail, and living at court: so that she was very ready to believe all that Hop-o'-my-Thumb had told her; indeed so great was her joy, that she quite forgot her seven daughters with their throats cut and bathed in their blood.

She ran in a minute to fetch the great key, and gave it to Hop-o'-my-Thumb, telling him at the same time where to find the chest of money and jewels that it would open.

Hop-o'-my-Thumb took as much of these riches as he thought would maintain his father, mother, and brothers, without the fatigue of labour, all the rest of their lives; saying to himself all the while, that it was better that an honest fagot-maker should have a part of such great riches than an Ogre, who did nothing but eat children,

and who kept all the money locked up, without spending it or giving any to the poor.

In a short time Hop-o'-my-Thumb came to his father's house, and all the family were glad to see him again. As the great fame of his boots had been talked of at court at this time, the king sent for him, and indeed employed him very often on the greatest affairs of the state; so that he became one of the richest men in the kingdom.

As for the Ogre, he fell in his sleep from the corner of the rock where Hop-o'-my-Thumb and his brothers had left him, to the ground, and bruised himself so much from head to foot that he could not stir; so he was forced to stretch himself out at full length, and wait for some person to come by and help him.

Now a good many fagot-makers passed near the place where the Ogre lay, and when they heard him groan, they went up to ask him what was the matter. But the Ogre had eaten such a great number of children in his lifetime, and had grown so very bulky and fat, that these men could not even have carried one of his legs; they were therefore forced to leave him. At last the night came on, and then a large serpent came out of a wood just by, and stung him, so that he died in great pain.

Before this time Hop-o'-my-Thumb had become the king's favourite; and as soon as he heard the news of the Ogre's death, he told his majesty all that the good-natured Ogress had done to save the lives of himself and his brothers. The king was so much pleased at what he heard, that he asked Hop-o'-my-Thumb if there was any favour he could bestow upon her? Hop-o'-my-Thumb then thanked the king, and desired that the Ogress might have the noble title of Duchess of Draggletail given to her; which was no sooner asked than granted.

The Ogress then came to court, and lived very happy for many years, enjoying the vast fortune she found in the Ogre's chests.

As for Hop-o'-my-Thumb, he every day grew more witty and brave, till at last the king made him the greatest lord in the kingdom, and set him over all his affairs.

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